

Eddy Current.

WM. H. MULLANE, Publisher.
EDDY, N. M.

Sense of duty is the only really reliable stimulant.

The Italian law in New York, as put the liquor business under a cloud.

The Venezuela commission is much in evidence, or, more properly, deep in evidence.

The thief who stole the hitching posts in Arcata, Ill., is probably some bicycle promoter.

Some people act as though they considered grumbling a virtue indicative of a high spirit.

Too many persons imagine that there is something funny about getting other people into trouble.

The Russian bear, not satisfied with its recent feast on Turkey, is now consuming all the China.

There is probably not a woman on earth who does not privately believe that she is more or less abused.

A man has arrived at years of discretion when he is placed at being told that he is a fair copy of his father.

Truly the scepter is passing from the hand of man when we read that the most courageous soldiers of Cuba are women.

Bullington Booth has begun his campaign in the northwest properly by striking at the chief center of wickedness Chicago.

The George W. Childs has just given material aid to the Cuban insurgents. It is only a tug, but the name is kept up by such philanthropy.

Should Uncle Samuel have the hide and horns of the Spanish bull to exhibit at his next World's Fair, the aspect will be truly Columbian.

If the story that King Lobengula is alive and leading the revolt of the Matabele it shows the necessity of having him killed again without delay.

The opinion is growing that women should know more of firearms. The right to carry guns and to pop will eventually be freely accorded the sweet sex.

Now that whisky is to be made from Wisconsin potatoes the farmers will probably reconsider their determination to turn their attention to other crops.

That Texas murderer who lit on a box of dynamite and deliberately exploded it furnished a precedent in his last act that will be vigorously applauded.

Two carloads of artificial legs have been sent from Berlin to the Italians in Africa. Now they are showing sense. Legs are more needed in fighting the Abyssinians than firearms.

The Spaniards have scored another victory in Cuba. They succeeded in getting away after a losing battle with the insurgents. There is an urgent need of more horses among Weyler's men so that they may get away faster.

Stanley, who gave up his American citizenship for the honor of a seat on the Tory benches in the English parliament, has turned out a complete parliamentary failure. The explorer has found that while a nobody may be somebody in the wilds of Africa, it takes a somebody to be anybody in a house where nearly everybody is somebody.

A New York woman has gone crazy and believes that human flesh is the only proper stimulant for the brain. She proposes to eat nothing but children in future and wants to begin with her own baby, who is only 19 months old. She tried eating spaghetti with butter, but found that unsatisfactory. She declares that her grandmother, who was a very clever and brainy woman, ate nothing but babies.

Nicola Tesla says that Edison is not working along the right line in his X-ray work, while he is. Now, as a matter of fact, while Mr. Tesla has enjoyed more newspaper notoriety than Edison, he has not put out nearly as many inventions. He claims to have plenty of wonders in his sleeve, but the public is likely to be largely on the side of the Wizard, who flashes his things promptly and gives the public the benefit of them.

A youth in New Haven shows funny it is that so many horrible things happen in Connecticut; suddenly disappeared on his wedding day a few hours before the ceremony was to be performed. It was discovered that he had fled from the town into the measureless hence, but the bride, who is a determined New England girl, has started out to find him and says when she does she will marry him so quick that he will have no time for a second break-away.

An extremely pretty white girl in New York has married a repulsive negro freak, who is on exhibition at a dime museum there under the strange name of the Turtle Boy. He is a dwarf monstrosity and also an imbecile. He cannot walk and resembles an animal more than a human being. Another case for Max Nordau.

The greater New York project being now practically a thing of the past, it is in order to plant potatoes on a portion of the soil that it was proposed to have in the city limits.

SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VI.
NEXORABLY the important morning came; irrefragably, for good or for evil, the momentous marriage-vow was uttered. Charles Danville and Rose Trudaine were now man and wife. The prophecy of the magnificent sunset

over-night had not proved false. It was a cloudless day on the marriage morning. The nuptial ceremonies had proceeded smoothly throughout, and had even satisfied Madame Danville. She returned with the wedding-party to Trudaine's house, all smiles and serenity. To the bride she was graciousness itself. "Good girl," said the old lady, following Rose into a corner, and patting her approvingly on the cheek with her fan. "Good girl! you have looked well this morning—you have done credit to my son's taste. Indeed, you have pleased me, child! Now go upstairs, and get on your traveling dress, and count on my maternal affection as long as you make Charles happy."

It had been arranged that the bride and bridegroom should pass their honeymoon in Brittany, and then return to Danville's estate near Lyons. The parting was hurried over, as all such partings should be. The carriage had driven off—Trudaine, after lingering long to look after it, had returned hastily to the house—the very dust of the whirling wheels had all dispersed—there was absolutely nothing to see—and yet, there stood Monsieur Lomague at the outer gate; idly, as if he was an independent man—calmly, as if no such responsibilities as the calling of Madame Danville's coach, and the escorting of Madame Danville back to Lyons, could possibly rest on his shoulders.

Idly and calmly, slowly rubbing one hand over the other, slowly nodding his head in the direction by which the bride and bridegroom had departed, stood the eccentric land-steward at the outer gate. On a sudden, the sound of footsteps approaching from the house seemed to arouse him. Once more he looked out into the road as if he expected still to see the carriage of the newly married couple. "Poor girl!—ah, poor girl!" said Monsieur Lomague softly to himself, turning round to ascertain who was coming from the house. It was only the postman with a letter in his hand, and the post-bag crumpled up under his arm.

"Any fresh news from Paris, friend?" asked Lomague.

"Very bad, monsieur," answered the postman. "Camille Desmoulins has appealed to the people in the Palais Royal—there are fears of a riot."

"Only a riot," repeated Lomague, sarcastically. "Oh, what a brave government not to be afraid of anything worse! Any letters?" he added, hastily dropping the subject.

"None to the house," said the postman—"only one from it, given me by Monsieur Trudaine. Hardly worth while," he added, twirling the letter in his hand, "to put it into the bag, is it?"

Lomague looked over his shoulder as he spoke and saw that the letter was directed to the President of the Academy of Science, Paris.

"I wonder whether he accepts the place or refuses it?" thought the land-steward, nodding to the postman, and continuing his way back to the house.

At the door he met Trudaine, who said to him rather hastily, "You are going back to Lyons with Madame Danville, I suppose?"

"This very day," answered Lomague. "If you should hear of a convenient bachelor-lodging at Lyons, or near it," continued the other, dropping his voice and speaking more rapidly than before, "you would be doing me a favor if you would let me know about it."

Lomague assented; but before he could add a question which was on the tip of his tongue, Trudaine had vanished in the interior of the house.

"A bachelor-lodging!" repeated the land-steward, standing alone on the door-step. "At or near Lyons! Ah! Monsieur Trudaine, I put your bachelor-lodging and your talk to me last night together, and I make out a sum-total which is, I think, pretty near the mark. You have refused that Paris appointment, my friend; and I fancy I can guess why."

He paused thoughtfully, and shook his head with ominous frowns and bitings of his lips.

"All clear enough in that way," he continued, after awhile, looking up at the lustrous mid-day heaven. "All clear enough there; but I think I see a little cloud rising in a certain household atmosphere already—a little cloud which hides much, and which I for one shall watch carefully."

CHAPTER VII.
FIVE years have elapsed since Monsieur Lomague stood thoughtfully at the gate of Trudaine's house, looking after the carriage of the bride and bridegroom, and seriously reflecting on the events of the future. Great changes have passed over that domestic firmament in which he prophetically discerned the little warn-

ing cloud. Greater changes have passed over the firmament of France.

What was Revolt five years ago is Revolution now—revolution which has engulfed thrones and principalities and powers, which has set up crownless, hereditary kings and counselors of its own, and has bloodily torn them down again by dozens; which has raged and raged on unrestrainedly in fierce earnest, until but one king can still govern and control it for a little while. That King is named Terror, and seven hundred and ninety-four is the year of his reign.

Monsieur Lomague, land-steward no longer, sits alone in an official-looking room in one of the official buildings of Paris. It is another July evening, as fine as that evening when he and Trudaine sat talking together on the bench overlooking the Seine. The window of the room is partly open, and a fresh, pleasant breeze is beginning to flow through it now. Lomague breathes uneasily, as if still oppressed by the sultry midsummer heat; and there are signs of perplexity and trouble in his face as he looks down absently now and then into the street.

The times he lives in are enough of themselves to sadden his face. In the Reign of Terror no living being in all the city of Paris can rise in the morning and be certain of escaping the spy, the arrest, or the guillotine, before night. Such times are trying enough to oppress any man's spirits; but Lomague is not thinking of them now. Out of a mass of papers which lie before him on his old writing table, he has just taken up and read one, which has carried his thoughts back to the past, and to the changes which have taken place since he stood alone on the door-step of Trudaine's house, pondering on what might happen.

More rapidly even than he had foreboded, those changes had occurred. In less time even than he had anticipated, the sad emergency for which Rose's brother had prepared, as for a barely possible calamity, overtook Trudaine, and called for all the patience, the courage, the self-sacrifice, which he had to give for his sister's sake. By slow gradations downward, from bad to worse, her husband's character manifested itself less and less disguisedly, almost day by day. Occasional slight annoyances turned to cool enmity; small insults which ripened evilly to great injuries—these were the pitiless signs which showed her that she had risked all and lost all while still a young woman—these were the unmerciful afflictions which found her helpless, and would have left her helpless, but for the ever-present comfort and support of her brother's self-denying love. From the first, Trudaine had devoted herself to meet such trials as now assailed him; and like a man he met them, in defiance alike of persecution from the mother and of insult from the son.

The hard task was only lightened when, as time advanced, public trouble began to mingle itself with private grief. Then absorbing political necessities came as a relief to domestic misery. Then it grew to be the one purpose and pursuit of Danville's life cunningly to shape his course so that he might move safely onward with the advancing revolutionary tide—he cared not whether, as long as he kept his possessions safe and his life out of danger. His mother, inflexibly true to her old-world convictions through all peril, might entreat and upbraid, might talk of honor, and courage, and sincerity—he heeded her not, or heeded only to laugh. As he had taken the false way with his wife, so he was now bent on taking it with the world.

The years passed on; destroying changes swept hurricane-like over the old governing system of France; and still Danville shifted successfully with the shifting times. The first days of the Terror approached; in public and in private—in high places and in low—each man now suspected his brother. Crafty as Danville was, even he fell under suspicion at last, at headquarters in Paris, principally on his mother's account. This was his first political failure, and in a moment of thoughtless rage and disappointment, he wreaked the irritation caused by it on Lomague. Suspected himself, he in turn suspected the land steward. His mother fomented the suspicion—Lomague was dismissed.

In the old times the victim would have been ruined—in the new times he was simply rendered eligible for a political vocation in life. Lomague was poor, quick-witted, secret, not scrupulous. He was a good patriot, he had good patriot friends, plenty of ambition, a subtle, cat-like courage, nothing to dread—and he went to Paris. There were plenty of small chances there for men of his calibre. He waited for one of them. It came; he made the most of it; attracted favorably the notice of the terrible Fouquier-Tinville; and won his way to a place in the office of the Secret Police.

Meanwhile Danville's anger cooled down; he recovered the use of that cunning sense which had hitherto served him well, and sent to recall the dismissed servant. It was too late. Lomague was already in a position to set him at defiance—nay, to put his neck, perhaps, under the blade of the guillotine. Worse than this, anonymous letters reached him, warning him to lose no time in proving his patriotism by some indisputable sacrifice, and in alienating his mother, whose imprudent sincerity

was likely ere long to cost her her life. Danville knew her well enough to know that there was but one way of saving her, and thereby saving himself. She had always refused to emigrate; but he now insisted that she should seize the first opportunity he could procure for her of quitting France until calmer times arrived.

Probably she would have risked her own life ten times over rather than have obeyed him; but she had not the courage to risk her son's too; and she yielded for his sake. Partly by secret influence, partly by unblushing fraud, Danville procured for her such papers and permits as would enable her to leave France by way of Marseilles. Even then she refused to depart, until she knew what her son's plans were for the future. He showed her a letter which he was about to dispatch to Robespierre himself, vindicating his suspected patriotism, and indignantly demanding to be allowed to prove it by filling some office, no matter how small, under the redoubtable triumvirate which then governed, or more properly, terrified France. The sight of this document reassured Madame Danville. She bade her son farewell, and departed at last, with one trusty servant, for Marseilles.

CHAPTER VIII.
DANVILLE'S intention in sending his letter to Paris had been simply to save himself by patriotic bluster. He was thunderstruck at receiving a reply, taking him at his word, and summoning him to the capital to accept employment there under the then existing government. There was no choice but to obey. So to Paris he journeyed; taking his wife with him into the very jaws of danger. He was then at open enmity with Trudaine; and the more anxious and alarmed he could make the brother feel on the sister's account, the better he was pleased. True to his trust and his love, through all dangers as through all persecutions, Trudaine followed them; and the street of their sojourn at Paris, in the perilous days of the Terror, was the street of his sojourn too.

Danville had been astonished at the acceptance of his proffered services—found that the post selected for him was one of the superintendent's places in that very office of Secret Police in which Lomague was employed as agent. Robespierre and his colleagues had taken the measure for their man—he had money enough, and local importance enough, to be worth studying. The affairs of the Secret Police were the sort of affairs which an unscrupulously cunning man was fitted to help on; and the faithful exercise of that cunning in the service of the state was ensured by the presence of Lomague in the office. The discarded servant was just the right sort of spy to watch the suspected master. Thus it happened that, in the office of the Secret Police of Paris, and under the Reign of Terror, Lomague's old master was, naturally, his master still—the superintendent to whom he was ceremonially accountable, in public—the suspected man, whose slightly set to watch, in private, he was officially set to watch, in private.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD TO PAY TWICE.

Flight of an Ocean Traveler Who Lost His Ticket.

There was one young man on the steamship New York, says the New York Times, who paid well for his passage. When it came time to present his ticket to the steward it was not to be found. Pockets were turned inside out, trunks were turned upside down, hats, bands torn out and a stateroom converted into a wilderness of pillows, a bed, clothes and clothing.

The unfortunate passenger asked every man, woman and child on the ship: "Have you seen ticket No. 1,601?" Notices were posted on the bulletin board. The next day the passenger lost his identity. Everybody called him "1,601." From that time he was known by his ticket number.

"Have you seen Mr. '1,601' to-day?" some one would ask. Then a dozen voices would ask:

"Which '1,601' the man or the ticket?"

After the big dinner Thanksgiving day, Mr. "1,601" gave up the struggle and paid \$125 for his passage. This is the way he figured it up:

"I have examined the first and second cabin passengers and know everything they possess. When I state that the New York customs authorities won't get within a few thousands of what is due them I give expert testimony."

"The steerage had 292 passengers in it. It would take me at least three days to examine them, and that would bring me into Sunday, and as we are due Saturday, I guess I'll give it up."

When "1,601" left the pier yesterday he was better known than the purser.

The Meanest Kind of Business.
Very few people among the general public know that a certain class of small brokers and stick and umbrella sellers of London, who have not got regular shops of their own, make quite a living out of the sales of articles left in railway carriages and waiting rooms and subsequently disposed of at auctions.

The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven, Upon the place beneath.

—Shakespeare.

Nothing grows so fast as trouble that is nursed.

CHARMS OF ROD AND GUN.

Why Do Lazy Men Choose Hardest of Ways to Earn Living?

"There is one thing I don't understand," said the old fisherman, "and that is why so many men who are born lazy take up fishing as a way of getting a living. Now, take any town on the borders of the Adirondacks, for instance, and you will find in it a man or two, or even more, who live by fishing almost entirely. They fish morning, noon and night, all day long and all night, too, sometimes, and then sell their trout at 40 or 50 cents a pound. They are tired when night comes than if they had been working their farms. They have expended more pounds of force than a carpenter, or even a blacksmith. The reflection of the sun on the water has blistered their faces painfully, and the chances are that they have eaten only a bit of bread and hard-boiled egg for lunch. In the cold days of early spring, just after the season opens, they nearly freeze, but ask one about it and he says it is fun. All tired out, he sinks back in his chair after his day's fishing, smoking a pipe, and the chances are with a smile on his face that tells of genuine comfort. He is really happier after his hard day's work than anybody I ever saw after his regular legitimate labor. Now, what I want to know is, what is there about the labor of one of these fellows that is so comforting? I can't understand it a little bit."

"Yes," said another man, who hunted instead of fishing for fun, "I see just such fellows when I'm out hunting. They'll carry a pack basket weighing 50 or 100 pounds fifteen miles on their backs, besides rifles and leading dogs. They kill a deer and eat some of the meat and sell the rest with the head for \$10 to \$20 a week's work. They will trap furs all winter, walking ten or fifteen miles a day over the meanest trails, and come out smiling, having made 25 or 50 cents a day on an average. Why, I knew two men to hunt sixty days and get fourteen foxes, worth at the most \$28, but they smiled at it and thought they had done well. In the same time, working no more hours a day driving a team, sitting down most of the time, they would have made \$128 at the lowest. But after all, I guess the only way to look at it is that they have fifty weeks of vacation a year instead of two or four, like us, and I don't see but what they get as much fun out of living as we do, or more. It all depends on how you look at it."

An Angel Without Wings.

One of the principal decorative features of the new city hall in San Francisco was to have been a great white-mantled angel, with outspread wings, poised on the top of the big dome. This angel has been the subject of much crabbled controversy between the gruff mayor, Mr. Sutro, and the commissioners. The mayor criticized the angel severely and rather ridiculed the whole thing. But the big angel was at last finished and ready for hoisting to its place on the dome. Then it was discovered that its wings offered too much sail space and that they would undoubtedly be the first high wind pull the angel down from its perch. The shoulder blades were too narrow for the wings to be properly braced. So the wings were sawed off and a wingless angel will surmount the dome—Exchange.

Didn't Follow Instructions.

Irate Patron—You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Doctor—Yes, sir; I never fail when my instructions are followed.

Irate Patron—My son took your medicine for a year and died an hour after the last dose.

Doctor—My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years.

—Tit-Bits.

Giving Her a Lead on Cuba.

The young king of Spain recently described an island to his geography teacher as a body of land almost entirely occupied by insurgents.

POINTERS ON FLOWERS.

Loosen the leaves and other winter covering from about the hardy bulbs.

The beds for the summer plants may now be thoroughly spaded and fertilized, although the plants must not be set out for some time to come—no matter how tempting and balmy are the April days.

Don't be discouraged if the garden is small; fertilize heavily now, and plant closely a little later, and with careful planning a surprising quantity of flowers may be raised in even the tiniest yard.

The crocuses are now in full bloom, and many of the outdoor hyacinths budded. But don't neglect them because they seem so perfectly hardy. Keep evergreen boughs and straw convenient for a light covering on cold nights.

Now is the time for planting and transplanting hardy shrubbery. Pack the earth firmly about the roots and allow each bush plenty of room to grow. See that all new varieties are carefully labeled for future reference.

Remember that it is not too early to plant the sweet peas outside the very first day of April, and they should surely be planted before the middle of this month if they are to make good growth and withstand the summer heat. Don't be in a hurry about planting other flower seed outside for some time to come.

The peonies are now sending up thick red stalks and sprigs of green iris are forming trifoliate clumps in the borders. Loosen the soil about the clumps, then spread dry leaves or straw over the loosened earth. This loosening of the soil is very important, as the winter covering may become so packed and hard that the sprouting stalks cannot level properly.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

It cures liver, bile, easy to take, cheap, operate, etc.

MYSTERIES OF HEALING

Never in the history of this City Has Any Medicine Performed Such Remarkable Cures as Has Veno's Curative Syrup and Veno's Electric Fluid.

These Two Remedies Make Rheumatism and Paralytic Cripples Walk and Cure Weakness, Catarrh, Malaria, Constipation, All Stomach and Liver Troubles.

F. R. Cole, Jr., a Prominent Attorney of Dallas, Induced W. Munzshelmer to Try Veno's Remedies—Was Taken From a Sick Bed and Made Well by Them.

(Dallas News, November 18th.) Wonders never cease, said a gentleman who had used Veno's remedies. I have declared for catarrh and dysentery for years, but I could not get relief, but Veno's Curative Syrup has completely cured me. Many regret Veno's departure from Dallas. His lectures and cures have engrossed the attention of everybody for the last three weeks. The following is a sample of the cures performed by his

State of Texas, County of Tarrant, City of Dallas.

Personally appeared before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, W. Munzshelmer, who, being by me duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he had been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for three weeks and was confined to his bed for five days, and for eight days was entirely unable to walk, was swollen in nearly every joint and very weak. He was treated with Veno's Electric Fluid and Veno's Curative Syrup, and in three days after the first treatment was able to be out of bed and walk around and now feels all right, entirely free from all pains, and walks about as well as ever. His father is Mr. F. R. Cole, Jr., a general merchant at Ardmore, Tex. The young man is well known by F. R. Cole, Jr., a prominent attorney of this city, who induced him to try Veno's remedies.

Sworn to and subscribed by the said W. Munzshelmer in my presence this 18th day of November, A. D. 1900.

Notary Public Dallas Co., Tex.

VENO'S CURATIVE SYRUP is the best and only extending cure for permanently cures malaria (chills and fever), and thoroughly cures catarrh, constipation and liver trouble. It strengthens the nerves, clears the brain, invigorates the stomach and purifies the blood, leaving no ill effects. This medicine has for its body the famous Labrador water, the great germ destroyer and blood purifier, and when used with VENO'S ELECTRIC FLUID will cure the worst and most desperate cases of rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, neuralgia and all other nervous pains. No home should be without these medicines. They are sold at 50 cents each, twelve for \$5. Ask your druggist to get Veno's Curative Syrup and Veno's Electric Fluid for you.

CHAS. CHILL, CURE positively stops chills in one night. Be. At drug stores.

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